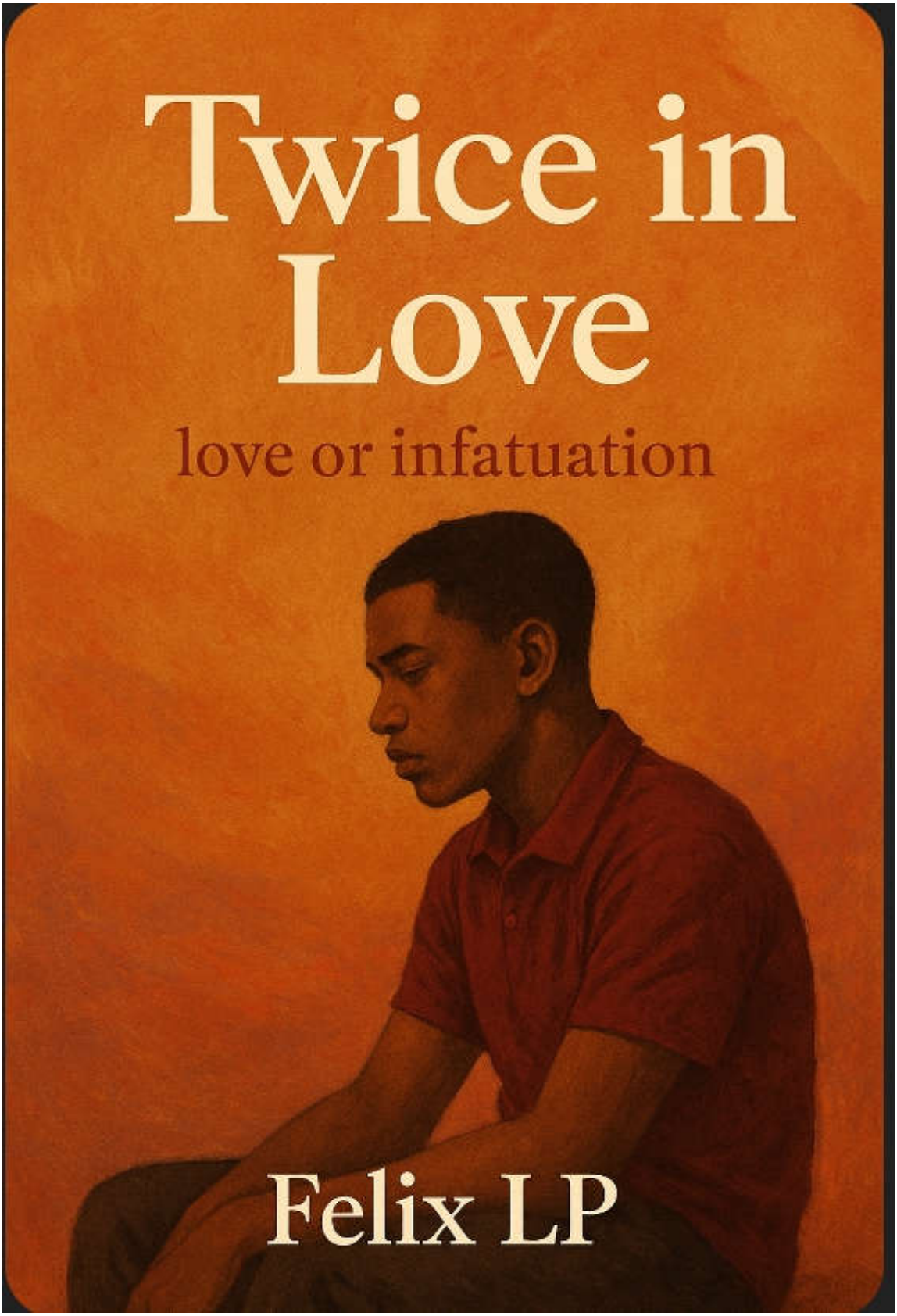
Twice in Love

love or infatuation



Felix LP

TWICE IN LOVE

LOVE OR INFUATUTIUON

BY FELIX LP

2025

TABLE OF CONTENT

Chapter 1. How It All Started

Chapter 2. One Gaze Away

Chapter 3. Why This Feeling?

Chapter 4. Young Love

Chapter 5. Why? Why the Sudden Change?

Chapter 6.stabbed.

Chapter 7. Moving On

Chapter 8. Twice in Love

Chapter 9. Another Heaven

Chapter 10. What the F?

Chapter one: How It All Started

Once upon a time, there was a kid—just a regular kid—who had just passed his Grade 7 exams. It was one of those moments that felt like the end of one thing and the beginning of something completely unknown. I was proud of myself, even if I didn't say it out loud. Moving on to a new school felt like stepping into a whole new world. I didn't know it then, but everything was about to change—my environment, my friendships, and most of all... my heart.

I wasn't the smartest kid in the class. I wasn't the best looking either. But I had a little something. Maybe it was the way I listened, or maybe it was just that I minded my own business. Whatever it was, I made a few friends—not a huge crowd, just the kind that mattered.

Then something unexpected happened: I was chosen to be the class monitor. I didn't expect it. Me? The monitor? But I took the role seriously. That's where I learned something new—something I didn't even know I needed. I learned how to read a class. Not just taking names of noisy people, but really watching, noticing people, feeling the vibe in the room. Who was loud, who was quiet, who sat with who, and who tried to act like they didn't care when they actually did. I guess you could say I started to pay attention in a different way.

As introverted as I was, I managed to be a good class monitor. I didn't talk much, but I listened. I paid attention. And slowly, the teachers started noticing. Some of them were even proud of me, and that felt good—like maybe I was finally doing something right.

But no matter how good you try to be, you can't impress everyone.

Some people—"my customers," as I used to call them—started hating. They started spreading rumors. Ugly ones. The kind that twist your name and stab at your character. Some said I was practicing favoritism. Others went further, spreading nonsense about me being involved in things I wasn't even thinking about at that age—sex rumors that hit hard and hit low.

At first, I tried to ignore it. Keep my head down. Focus. But it's hard pretending you don't hear your name being dragged when it's coming from all directions.

As the rumors got worse—louder, heavier—I started to feel tired. Tired of the position. Tired of the pressure. Tired of always having to prove myself. So I made a decision: I was going to drop the role. Let someone else deal with the stress. I didn't want to carry it anymore.

But to my surprise, most of the class didn't want that. A lot of my classmates—quietly, respectfully—told me I should stay. Some even said I was doing well and they appreciated how I handled things.

My class teacher sat me down and tried her best to convince me not to quit. She said, "Leadership comes with pressure. If no one talks about you, you're not doing anything." That hit me.

So I gave it a second thought. Maybe they were right. Maybe I shouldn't let the noise drown out the good I was trying to do. And just like that... I stayed. I continued as the class monitor.

Chapter 2: One Gaze Away

It started with a look. That's all it took—one gaze, one second too long, one moment I didn't see coming.
I wasn't looking for anything. Not love, not attention. I was too busy dealing with life, school, rumors, responsibilities. But sometimes, life doesn't ask for permission. It just brings someone into your space, and suddenly, things start to shift.
She was quiet, at least at first. The kind of girl who didn't need to speak loudly to be noticed. And I don't know if it was the way she walked, the way she laughed when she thought no one was listening, or just the way her eyes scanned the room—but something about her held my attention.
We crossed paths a few times. Just regular stuff—walking past each other, maybe a smile, maybe not. But then came that moment. The moment our eyes met, and it wasn't just a look. It was like a message was passed, silently, wordlessly. Something in me shifted. It was small, but real.
At first, I tried to shake it off. I told myself it was nothing. Just a random moment. A glitch in the day. But I knew deep down—that gaze wasn't just passing. It stayed with me. It followed me home. It replayed in my mind when I

was alone. It made the world feel a little different.everything changed. All it took was one gaze. Days went by, and I tried to keep it all in. I didn’t say a word to anyone. I told myself it was nothing. I held the ceiling inside me—trying to keep all the thoughts from spilling over. It wasn’t love. No way. It couldn’t be. I barely knew her.
It was probably just infatuation. A random spark. A passing curiosity. That’s what I kept telling myself.
But every time I saw her, something inside me shifted. She’d walk in, and it was like the room got quieter, even if it didn’t. My eyes had a way of finding her—even when I wasn’t trying.
Then, something surprising happened. Something I never expected.

She was chosen to be the female class monitor.

Out of all the girls, she was the one picked. Just like that, we were paired. Same roles. Same duties. Same table. Same reports. Same schedule.

Now, I didn’t just see her from a distance—I had to work with her. Stand beside her. Speak to her. Plan with her. And suddenly, that thing I was calling "just infatuation"... didn’t feel so small anymore.

Chapter Three: Why This Feeling?

I didn't understand it at first. I kept asking myself: Why am I feeling this way?
It wasn't like we were anything more than classmates. We were monitors—partners, maybe—but not... that. So why did my mood change whenever she laughed with another guy? Why did it bother me so much when someone else made her smile?
I didn't have an answer.
I told myself it was nothing. Again. Just me overthinking. Just me being sensitive. But the feeling kept coming back. Every time she stood too close to someone else, every time a guy made a joke and she laughed... it stung. And I hated that it stung.

I didn't know if it was jealousy, or just confusion. Maybe it was both. But whatever it was, it was real—and it was getting louder inside me.

I'd catch myself watching, silently judging every guy she spoke to. I didn't show it on my face. I didn't say a word. But inside, I was burning. Why did I care so much? I didn't even know if she noticed me the same way I noticed her.
But that didn't stop the feelings from coming.
Something had changed. And I couldn't hide it from myself anymore.
I didn't talk to her. Not yet. I kept everything bottled up—played it cool on the outside while the inside kept boiling.

That was back in Grade 9. We were both focused on exams, pressure, schoolwork... or at least, that's what I told myself. Maybe I was scared. Maybe I thought I wasn't good enough. Maybe I just didn't know what to say.

So I waited.

We wrote our Grade 9 exams, and both of us passed. We made it to Grade 10. Another new chapter, another step forward.

And then, out of nowhere—she texted me.

She had just opened a Facebook account, and her message hit me like a punch I didn't see coming.

"Do you have something to tell me?"
I froze.

I stared at the screen like it was speaking in a different language. My heart was beating fast, but my fingers typed slow.
"What do you mean?" I replied.
"Don't pretend," she wrote. "I know you want to tell me something."
And in that moment... I knew the time had come.
So I said, "Okay, let's go."
No more hiding. No more holding back. I told her how I felt.
I told her how I'd been feeling for a long time. How I noticed her. How just being around her made something shift inside me. I didn't try to be poetic. I didn't use fancy words. I just told her the truth.
And her reply?
She said, "Why didn't you tell me earlier? I feel the same way."
Just like that.
And all I could think was—what if I had told her sooner?

Chapter Four: Young Love

And just like that… we started dating.
Everything felt new. Pure. Easy. It was smooth. It was natural. It was like the universe had finally aligned, like everything had been waiting for that one moment to fall into place.
She was mine. I was hers.
It felt like heaven on earth. Like all the noise in the world had faded, and now there was just this calm—this soft, beautiful space where we both belonged. I had never felt anything like it before. It was the most beautiful thing that had ever happened to me.
I loved her.
I loved her.
There was no pretending, no confusion anymore. It was real. It was deep. It was everything I didn't even know I needed.

But even in the middle of all that joy, we made a promise—to keep things low key. We didn't want unnecessary drama. We didn't want attention. And most of all, we didn't want to get in trouble.

Our school didn't allow dating. It was one of those unspoken rules—strict teachers, strict environment. Relationships were seen as distractions, not feelings. So we agreed to stay under the radar. No obvious flirting, no passing notes in class, no public gestures. Just quiet looks. Quick smiles. Secret messages when no one was watching.

It wasn’t always easy. But it made what we had feel even more special—like a secret we both protected. A quiet kind of love.

We weren’t perfect. We were young. But in that moment, it didn’t matter.

We had each other.

Chapter 5ive: Why?

I don’t know when it started exactly.

One minute, we were fine—laughing, smiling, texting each other like we always did. The next, it was... different. A shift in the air. A weird silence after a message. A shorter reply. A longer wait.

We started misunderstanding each other. At first, it was small things. Little things that didn’t even matter.

A missed “good morning.”

A late reply.

A dry tone.

An unread message.

A confused reaction.

A question asked twice.

A voice that didn’t sound the same.

And just like that, we started having fights—small fights. The kind you can’t even explain properly. No real reason. No real issue. Just tension.

At first, I told myself it was normal. Maybe we were both stressed. Maybe school was just heavy. Maybe we were tired. I tried to ignore it. To play it cool. But the more I tried to hold it in, the more the pressure grew.

It hurt.

Because this was the same girl who made me feel like the world made sense. The same girl who once stared at me and saw something good. And now… I didn't know if she saw me the same way anymore.

The silence between us got louder. We were still "together," but it didn't feel the same. There was space now. An invisible wall. And no matter how much I tried to reach over it—I kept feeling more and more alone.

And deep down, I kept asking myself the same question, over and over:

"Why?"

"Why the sudden change?"

She started making excuses.

At first, they seemed small. "I'm busy." "I'm tired." "School's stressing me."

I told myself it was fine. I mean, school was hard. Life was life. I tried to be patient. I tried to understand.

But slowly, things started adding up.

She stopped wanting to see me.

She stopped texting back the way she used to.

No more "I miss you."

No more "How was your day?"

Just cold replies… or silence.

And every time I asked what was going on, she'd find another excuse.

"It's school."

"I just need space."

"I'm not in the mood."

But I knew school wasn't the problem. I was in the same school. I was going through the same pressure. I knew it wasn't about homework or teachers. It was something else. Something deeper. Something she didn't want to say out loud.

And honestly, it hurt.

Because I was still showing up. I was still trying. Still texting. Still caring. Still choosing her. And she… she was drifting away right in front of me.

I didn't like it.

None of it felt right.

But what could I do?

I had no choice but to go with the flow. To let her pull back and act like I was okay. To act like I didn't notice—even though I did. Every single bit of it.

Chapter 6ix:Stabbed

I never saw it coming.

By the time she went on holiday, it felt like the final sign of how far apart we'd drifted. She left without telling me. No call. No text. Nothing. I had to hear through the grapevine—from classmates and mutual friends—that she was out of town. It hurt like a punch in the gut.
I kept asking myself: Was this ever love? Was I just being dumb? But even in the darkest parts of my mind, I still wanted more of her. I still chose her, no matter how low-key she pushed me away.

Then she came back.

And that's when the world collapsed.

I learned—through whispers and hushed conversations—that while she was on holiday, she'd proposed to my best friend. Or at least, she'd been so close, planting ideas in his head, asking for more than friendship. The sickening part? My best friend didn't have the decency to tell me. He let me believe everything was normal.

I sat there, stunned, as the pieces fell into place:

She vanished with no explanation.

She turned up in my friend's life instead.
He never spoke a word to me about it.
I felt betrayed twice over—by the girl I thought I loved, and by the friend I thought I could trust.
In that moment, I learned something I can't un-learn:
Love can blind you… but betrayal burns those eyes wide open.

I confronted her.

I had to. I couldn't carry it in my chest any longer. The confusion, the pain, the whispers—it was too much. I needed answers. I needed her to be honest with me.

But when I asked… she denied everything.

She looked me in the face and acted like it was all just a lie. Like none of it ever happened. Like the holiday, the messages, my best friend—like it was all in my head.

But I wasn't stupid.

I had already confirmed everything. Someone I trusted told me exactly where she went, what she said, what she did. It all lined up. It all made sense. And it all hurt.

I was heartbroken.

I couldn’t believe it—not because I thought she was perfect, but because I had truly loved her. With everything in me. I gave her all I had, even when she started giving me less and less.

Still, I didn’t hate her.

I didn’t hate him either.

I didn’t feel jealous. I didn’t wish them pain. I just… hurt. Quietly. Deeply.

It hit my heart like a storm, but even then—I chose peace.

Maybe she really did fall in love with someone else. Maybe she didn’t know how to tell me. Maybe she was confused. I don’t know. And honestly, I stopped needing to know.

That’s how I let her go.

That’s how we broke up.

No drama. No shouting. No revenge. Just a quiet goodbye wrapped in silent tears.

Chapter 7: Moving On

It wasn't easy.
Moving on… it sounded simple, but it wasn't. Not for me.

Even though I had peace—real peace—I still thought about her. Not every second, not every day… but in those quiet moments. The ones when everything slows down and your mind drifts back. I'd remember the laughs, the messages, the dreams we shared. And for a second, it would all come back.

It was hard.
It was very hard.

And what made it worse? She moved on like nothing ever happened.

She was already with someone else—a third guy. I don't even know when or how it happened. It was like she never even looked back. No hesitation. No pause. Just gone.

But the crazy thing is… she never actually dated my best friend.

Turns out, he denied her when she tried to come close. He respected me, and for that—I'll always be grateful. Even after everything, me and him? We stayed cool. No beef. No awkwardness. Just a quiet understanding that some things weren't worth destroying a friendship over.

But still… watching her hop from one guy to another?
That stung.
Not because I was jealous. Not because I wanted her back. But because I once thought I was the one. I thought what we had was different.
Maybe I was wrong.

Still, I held my head high.
I carried the pain quietly.
And step by step… I started healing.
Eventually… I really moved on.

For real this time. No more checking her socials. No more wondering where she was or who she was with. I didn't know anything about her life anymore. Not what school she went to. Not who she was dating. Not even where she stayed.

We were on completely different paths.

She faded from my life like a chapter I had finally closed. No hate. No regrets. Just silence.

Somewhere along the way, I met someone new. She was sweet, kind, caring. Everything on paper said it could work. So I gave it a try. I gave her a chance. I opened myself up again.

But… it didn't work out.

And this time, it wasn't heartbreak that ended things.

It wasn’t betrayal.
It wasn’t drama.

It was just… a feeling. Or maybe the lack of one.

I don’t even fully understand it myself. But something inside me told me: This isn’t it. So I made the decision. I was the one who ended it. Calmly. Honestly. No games. I just couldn’t pretend to feel something I didn’t.

And for the first time… I saw growth in myself.
I realized I was no longer chasing the past. No longer trying to fill a void. I was just being real—with myself and with the people around me.
And that was enough.

Chapter Eight: Twice in Love

After my second relationship ended, I was just… still.
Single.
Not hurting. Not healing. Just living.

I wasn't chasing anyone. I wasn't checking on anyone. My heart was finally quiet.

And then… out of nowhere, she came back.

Her.

The same girl I once gave my heart to—the one who left without answers, who broke me quietly—was suddenly back in my life like nothing ever happened.

She reached out.

She said things like:
"I was young."
"I didn't know what I was doing."
"I was in a phase… trying to figure myself out."

She said she never stopped thinking about me. That I was different. That no one else ever made her feel the way I did.

And at first, I didn't want to hear it.
I didn't want to go through the pain again.

I didn’t want to play the fool again.

But love… love doesn’t always follow logic.

Because even after everything—after the betrayal, after the silence, after the years—I realized something:

I still had feelings for her.

I don’t know if that made me strong or stupid, but the truth was there. Sitting in my chest like it never left.

So I took her back.
Maybe I shouldn’t have.
Maybe I should have protected myself.
But in that moment, all I could feel was one truth:
I was in love again.

With the same girl.
For the second time.
Twice in love.

Chapter 9: Another Heaven

Everything felt brand new.

Being with her again… it was like the universe had hit reset. All the pain, the confusion, the heartbreak—it all faded into the background. What we had now felt different. Deeper. Like we had both grown up in our own corners of the world, only to meet again with softer hearts and clearer minds.

It was smooth.

It was sweet.

It was peaceful.

We didn't rush anything.

We talked. We laughed. We healed in silence together.

And then, one day… she opened up to me in a way she never had before.

She told me something I didn't expect:

That despite everything—all the years, all the distance—she was still a virgin. Still untouched. Still holding on to something sacred. She said she was ready now… ready to give that part of herself to me.

It wasn't just physical.

It was emotional.

It was trust.

That moment wasn't loud. It wasn't wild. It was quiet, warm, and full of meaning. I didn't feel like I conquered anything. I didn't feel like I "got" something. No—it felt like we gave ourselves to each other.

I felt complete.

Like my heart, my body, my soul… had finally connected with hers on every level.

It wasn’t just love.
It was something deeper.

It was another heaven.

Chapter Ten: What the F?

After everything…

After the reunion.
After the love.
After the intimacy.
After giving each other what we never gave anyone else…

She changed again.

When she went to university, I expected things to be a little different. I knew the distance would test us. I understood that she'd be busy, trying to adjust, trying to study. And for a while—it was okay. We still talked. We still laughed. We still said "I love you" every night, no matter how far we were.

But slowly… the cold came back.

Late replies.
No replies.
Missed calls.
Dry messages.
No effort.

I felt it.
And I hated that I could feel it.

Still, I told myself to be patient.

“She's just overwhelmed with school,” I said.
“She just needs time.”

But then she hit me with something I didn’t see coming:
“I want a break.”

I froze.

A break?
After everything?

I asked her why. I needed to know.
She looked me in the eye—cold—and said,
“I just want to figure things out.”
That hit different.
Because during all those years we were apart, wasn’t that her chance to figure things out?
Wasn’t the silence, the absence, the heartbreak enough time to think?
Now, after everything we rebuilt, she suddenly needs time?

I told her, “If you want a break, then we’re breaking up. Don’t sugarcoat it.”

Then she said something that broke me all over again:
“I can’t keep seeking affection.”

That’s when I knew.

She didn’t love me anymore.
She wasn’t trying to make it work.
She wasn’t confused—she was just done. She just didn’t want to say it.

And me? I didn’t know what to think. I didn’t know what she came back for.
Maybe it was closure.
Maybe it was guilt.
Maybe she just wanted the part of me I had protected all these years.
I gave her everything.
And now I was empty again.
Sometimes I wonder…
Did she come back just to take my soul?
But in Jesus’ name—
I speak it with all my heart—nothing will destroy me.
Not her.
Not this pain.
Not the confusion.
I will rise again.
Because God knows I loved purely.
And I deserved better.